Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

'Tis past! We've learn'd to live apart;
And with a fate and gradual ray
All have had fallen from my heart,
Like gems on an autumn day.
Yesterday of these hours of pain,
Days of love I fain again!
Perhaps I may! We laugh at pain
Some buried friend at random made;
From friends widow our grieving tears,
An anthemic pierce the forest shade!
We learn to fling all mourning by.
Even that which clothed our memory!
Therefore I do believe this won,
Like other things, will fade and pass;
And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,
Like flowers among the trodden grass:
For ere I live, it must be long—
The habits of the heart are strong.
For my accustom'd eye can speak,
In some new, unfamiliar face,
This smile that glow'd upon my cheek,
And that impassion'd gaze,
When in the crowd I turn'd to thee,
Proud of my woman-empire!

For my own voice, that had been used
To tune upon thy manly voice;
In daily intercourse reliev'd,
And learned to modulate at choice,
Such as to some other voice,
And deem it welcome to thine own!

For the rose heart thou could'st decree
Can thus absorbed and lose once more,
And from another's lip believe
All but ever lips so falsely swore,
And like Thee once in years gone by
Without a burst of bitter tears!

For I have left my soul explain'd
To one who shares my thoughts at last;
With scent of tongue, and spirit prov'd,
And heart that not less devotion,
Have traveled life's dull journey through,
Each wonder life learnt to my gaze:

What years rose pass! In the world's strife
How small will be my portion then:
The lonely lingering thine!
Will scarcely serve to love again.
Love! To the pale uncertain dream,
The fervent life of early years!

No! Let no wizard's heart look to mine;
Such was the wonderer hath to know
What strength is at a void within.
Where altar fires can burn no more:
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—
To deem a lingering thine!
Oh! never more shall trust return,
True—by whom love alone can live!
Even while I whisper my heart shall yearn
For answers thou were wont to give,
And my hand sighs shall echoes be
O, thou! I watched long since to thine!

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS,

On the Sensibilities and Eccentricities of Men of Genius: with Remarks on Poets.

The bard of sensibility is affected by every thing to the degree by affectation and excess. In those experiments of literature which require genius, the most unpromising subject for a Tale is that which is found rapper become the rage of the public, till the glare of low colours satiated, and then, as the fashion changed, it was cast by as worthless and obsolete.

In thus venturing opinions so uncongenial with those of the great as well as their vulgar, I am conscious that I expose myself to censure; but I am not the first who has ventured to think for himself. The solitude wrestling, the interested parent, the struggle for the rise of genius, and all his weaknesses and extravagances, are subjects of curious speculation to the cold hearted, the sensual, all will exclaim. "If such be the effects of poetry, heaven defend me and my children from becoming poets!" Poor fools! they need not fear; poets, they may rest assured, are not made of such common materials.

JULIAN AND LEONOR.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, A. M.

Perhaps the greatest value of the anecdote is that it is literally "founded upon facts." The scene is laid partly in the city of Venice, and partly in Venice, nor the *dramatis personæ* in England.

When sea-girt Venice points westwardly into the Adriatic, there is a little lone island, dimly visible from the shore, which, as the sun sinks, and your gondoliers may row up in about half an hour. It looks dark and dreary, and the poet's step rarely intrudes upon its loneliness, but it is oftener visited by the Venetians, who turn from the gaiety of the Piazza di San Marco to

"The resol of the earth, the masque of Italy,"

to indulge, in that place, in the melancholy which makes the native of sunny climes dote in the triumphant and alarming tones of blood and thunder. Here, too, the gondolier of the Adriatic, the wild mariners who navigate the Adriatic, and the Levant with a piratical freedom. They built a dwelling there, as the most convenient for their outlaw nature than architectural beauty, and the little secrets well guarded, for the gondoliers are these skimmers of the seas. When the flag of St. Mark waved, it was a receptacle for the state pomp, pride, and tyranny, as the prows of Venice proudly rode the arms—but it is now the last remoration, when it became converted into, and is now, a place of confinement for the mad.

Among the many inmates of this dreary abode was one, whose madness was of a mild and subdued nature. When I learned that he was an Englishman, and a man of rank, I felt a desire to know that he wanted some years of his apparent age. He was then, I was told, in his prime, and had been more than usually beautiful—he was only the term "beautiful" to manhood, for he was then in his thirty-fifth year. But the face was one on whose lot eye would involuntarily linger—there was a sweetness in the smile, a common glance of admiration, some splendor in the forehead, which gave an idea of a spirit within that was thrown back *inward* into the man, like that it seems as if struggling into the energy of light.

From his youth upward, he was enthusiastic as a poet, and his mind was of that order which is formed, as to be crushed in contact with the rude world, but which is elevated by the soft, gentle and precious *boudoir* which is fragmented by a slight touch. His imagination had loved to run riot, through the fairy land of love, and his heart had been fed, till it filled his mind to the necessity, of sinking into the shade of retirement, for the want of solid knowledge. But, in time, this necessity was felt, and the intrigued fragrant of his mind into the deep, great of what Learning from her sacred temple, the house, or Nature scatter forth, to the enquirer, from her open volume of marvellous volume of beauty and living action—for he had been early in the misgivings of other men's detailed experience, and his own dreamy imaginings. The stagnation of his mind's external beauty filled him with wild delight. He was then a poet.

Wherever he looked—whatever he beheld—whatever Nature strayed herself, all ministered to him the pleasant sensation of the heart. He knew and quick perception of the beautiful—for he had been blessed with the love to the Deity—God, as he treads the azure paths of heaven, and the way he guides nobels when light reviews to gladden other lands—as did his spirit expand, as it gazed delightedly on this world we are to and on; and so too, when the dusky to night of graver thought came on, did it veil its contemplation from the darkness which then surrounded it. For, hitherto, although he sometimes pensed, even in the full rapidity of his abstruse course, to wonder at many things—wildering as the Pala Morgana to the Sicilian peasant—this soul remained charged in her rapid path be traversed.

At length—for it could not long be otherwise—he panted for communings with an intelligence like his own. He sighed for some Egeria in his loneliness. His fancy framed for himself a being bright in claims, and beautiful in intelligence. It enclosed her with all of fair, or wise, or wonderful that lover, philosopher, or poet could so vainly have imagined. He lacquered for the bright reality of this dear voice which haunted his dreams by night, and his thoughts by day—breathing, beautiful, and real!

And let not this seem strange—for the ideal has endowments which are but its own peculiarities—All peace, all time, all things become subsidiary to one all-engrossing thought. "I will go forth," thought he, "to seek in other lands for that intelligence and beauty which I have vainly sought in my own. In other nations which Literature has arrayed in her most magnificent and beautiful hues, there must exist some correspondence human beauty and intellect to match the gorgeousness which those luxuriant creations of the sacred skies. Surely, the children of these sunny lands must still be beautiful and gifted, as in old days when they were the parents of nations—and even now stir the soul of man up from its very dust to heaven."

He made the tour of Europe—and still was unsatisfied. In France he found no one for whom he sought for. Beautiful women met his eyes—wit, lightning-winged, sped from their lips —their had pretty words, strung like pearls, for his ear—smiles, which seemed the very arrows of some fairy-tale were—fascinations which, in a whirlpool, drew all admiration into its eddying—but they were the productions of a moment, and timed, he distrusted the *seeming* sincerity of heart with which Julian endeavored to clothe himself, and he fled, in disgust, from the Calypso wiles of Parisian fashion. It was the same wherever he went. In the Escurial of the Iberian fruit he sought. So as last resources, he turned his footsteps towards Italy, and if here he failed also; if indeed the being he sought was not to be found—if fancy had clothed with life but a dream of what would not be if his desire was to be unsatisfied, his resolve was to return from the wilderness of world to that of his own heart. He knew that a man may himself be bankrupt in happiness, and yet bestow it.

He, for some time, in Venice, for a time, the distracting thoughts, which so long had torn his heart, became dulled and stupified. He was now amid the wrecks of national glory and grandeur, and thither came one of the last, and, by the morrow's dawn, her proud father had learned the affection, and the resolve of Leonor. He determined that he deserved her love—that he gloom of a convent, that living grave where woman's beauty is entombed, with the dead in sorrow-fanded to dedicate Leonor to cold celibacy. Her heart had already forsaken the cell—she felt apart at avoiding it, and thus.

There is always some bitterness springing up, to mar the pleasures of this world of life. The young can but dream of these things, at first, but the more mature and reality—some busy bee or bubble—some wretched care-dropper, had lingered to the contrary, and the last, and

FOREIGN NATTERS

Prize for a Governess.—A gentleman of Tiskewell, Derbyshire, gathered lately 12 perfect mushrooms in one field.

Great Fat.—A Mr. Walker, of Doncaster, stacked in ten hours 20 tons of hay.

The Lord-great Chamber of the Order of the King of Denmark is dead.

The little Queen of Portugal has written to Louis Philippe, congratulating him on his escape from assassination.

Don Miguel is at Rome.

The Chelsea has carried off a great number of the French troops in garrison at Ancona.

A project is under consideration for a railroad from Paris to Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe.

Translations of Capt. Marryatt's novels are announced for sale in Paris, at 15 francs (about $3) each.

The Diet of Frankfort has closed its session without coming to any decision on the disputed Luxembourg question between Belgium and Holland.

A Geneva paper says that the prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte is at present with the camp at Thouon, waiting for a decision of artillery in the service of the canton of Berne.

A project is under consideration for a railroad from Paris to Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe.

The Lexington Chariton of the 10th of September announces that the cholera has nearly subsided in the Papal States.

A splendidly engraved Egyptian Sarcophagus of green basalt has been presented by the Duke of Hamilton to the British Museum.

The King of Naples has reduced his standing army by disbanding 16,000 men. In the mean time the number of soldiers increased by 5000,000.

The late Sir *James Erskine* has bequeathed his splendid collection of marbles, paintings and bronzes to the College of Edinburgh. The paintings, which are in number, are all of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools.

Pauline Murat, sister of Napoleon, and widow of her uncle Lucien Murat, who always seemed to sit in the thickest of the fight, has arrived at Toulon—the spot where her illustrious family first began his splendid military career.

At the Manchester Festival of Sacred Music the air of the Redemption by Handel was sung in a style of delicious pathos by Madam Malibran, though hampered at the time under the most severe indisposition.

The Leconotrice constructed at Newcastle, England, for the Petersburg and Pulowski Rail Road, Russia, has the extraordinary speed of 60 miles the hour.

A Miss Wood lately recovered of a Mr. Hurd at the London Assizes, from which she is to promise to marry, £.4,500 sterling. Who ever *Hurd* of such a price for *Wood*?

The March of Intellect.—The foreman of the petty jury, at the County Sessions, on Monday, assigned as his reason for finding a true bill, guilty, "that as the grand jury had found him guilty, what could they (the petty jury) do but find him guilty also?" Verdict accordingly.

The Marquis of Anglesey has received a considerable accession of junction on "Monsieur," Lord's property, as is generally known, lies in manor of copper and iron. The metal rental has been about seventy thousand pounds a year the income will be doubled.

Marshal Soult is ordered to the war port folio is restorated, and a rumor is given that Gen. Bernard, so well known in this country, has been called on by the King to assume this post. It is not improbable, as the King is known to have great confidence in the gentleman.

The entire police system of Paris has undergone a thorough overhaling, every one of the employes, *agens secrets, comsais* and *mouchards* (spies) having resigned with their *chefs de police*, M. Gisquet. His successor, M. Delessert, has had to re-till every post, from the lowest thief-catcher up to the confidential secretary.

Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon, refused to attend the dinner given by Metternich to the French princes. Such is a proper spirit, for that witty monster was one of the great means of making her husband's family, by their alliance with the Bourbons.

At Nantes, in the south of France, a few days ago, the guillotine being out of repair, not a carpenter in the place would give his assistance, even though a large reward had been at last proposed to induce them to work. The French papers recommend this example to be followed, in one means, when all others fail, of putting a stop to capital punishment.

Fine Linen.—A discovery has been made at York, which has created some sensation among the manufacturers of Leeds. It is a process for breaking flax. The flax has the appearance of silk, and is capable of being made into the finest thread, for the construction of veils, lace, cambric, &c. which, it is said, will entirely supersede those articles of French manufacture. The texture is pronounced more beautiful than any thing of the kind before manufactured.

Condemnation of the Bulwark.—The Emperor of Russia has been pleased to allow the inhabitants of Bessarabia, to use the Moldavian language for the next ensuing seven years, after which they must adopt entirely their vocal organs to the jaw breaking consonants of the Cossack tongue.

Newspaper readers.—Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following classes: "The ill-natured man seeks to the list of bankrupts—the tradesman to the price of kersal—the stock jobber to the lies of the day—the old maid to the marriages—the prodigal son to the death—the moralist to the heroes of a battle harvest—and the boarding school Misses to every thing that relates to Gretna Green."

The celebrated American trotter Confidence, purchased for the late Duke of Gordon, sold yesterday at Tattersall's for 225 guineas, to Mr. Cotton the dealer. He is a bright bay with black legs, stands fifteen hands and an inch, and is reported to have trotted twenty miles an hour to harness. The sulky and harness only fetched fifteen guineas and a half.

Letters from Spain say that the health of the queen regent is seriously affected by the troubles and anxieties she undergoes. The measure of the ultra liberals are said to be on the increase, they require more and more of the monastery peerages and of estates, as well as the suppression of all religious establishments. Nothing further had been heard of the fate of general Gurrea. The condition of Madrid is said to be doubtful, and the armies are represented to be much infected with the spirit of insubordination.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, at a late visitation at All Saints, Maidstone, addressed the clergy in a charge in terms of severity on many of the licentiousness of the press, and vindicated the exorbitant incomes recovered by the upper order of prelates, on the principle that it increased religion among the higher classes. How many it is for one to be ordained with extensive wealth and splendor to forget the rights which belong to the poor! The contempt the clergy against all frivolities or suspicion of criminal pursuits. Let them beware.

In consequence of the great number of continental tourists and others desirous of visiting the French capital, the Simon Companies have reduced their prices to be, take 4s. from London to Boulogne and Calais. From the former, two coaches leave three times a day for Paris, for the small fare of 3s. so that travellers may go from London to the French capital for one pound ten more of 15s. During last month no less than 7,000 persons have been to and fro by these conveyances. The price from Dover to Paris is reduced to £.1 1s. and coaches run twice a day from that town through Rouen to Paris for 10s. and 12s.

On digging up the foundations of the convent of the Feuillans, at Amiens, workmen have found two fragments of columns in hard chalk. On one is the representation of a young man with curled hair, haloed, but without any of the insignia of vines. He has a cup in one hand and a thyrsus in the other. The face is girl or beardless (thrown over his shoulders, and fastened in front of them with a clasp. On the left side of the pent whose head is reared nearly to the cap. On the right and below are two animals of the animals resembling squirrels, and in other spaces several small. It is considered to be a young *Bacchus*. The other fragment is also very much in the foliage of the vine, in the midst of which is the figure of a child. The style of the whole is that of simulacrum, on account of their favorability.

The odious practice of employing Swiss mercenaries by the King of Naples has led to a serious revolution at Capua. Fifteen hundred of the Swiss or entire regiment, during which the Swiss Colonel had his life. The latter pointed out which most naturally he entered upon the scene of the native soldiery against the foreign intruders can easily be imagined. The fire of the Italian character is not yet totally extinguished by the debased condition to which they have been reduced for so many centuries.

The Harvest.—The wheat and oats crops this year are very promising, and the present week, which may be considered as the most important week in the year for gathering in the crops in the southern parts of the north of England, has been, on the whole, favorable harvest weather, though Tuesday, was a tremendous day of rain.

—North of Leeds and the Trent, almost all the oats crops are secured, while north of that line a large portion of the corn crops are ripe and some of them carried.

Speaking generally, we may say, that the country has the promise of being blessed with another good harvest, being the fourth in succession, though a good deal of cause depends upon the next six weeks. In the great corn counties the grain is already secured.—*London Mercury.*

A beautifully executed medal, somewhat larger than a crown, has been struck in commemoration of the first Railway Festival held in Birmingham. It is thus described:—

"On the Obverse is a half-length figure of the *Spirit of the Valley*, in front of Penmaen Mawr, the dingy Railway Tunnel in the distance. Beneath this design runs the following inscription:—

"Wm. Vallance, Esq., Architect.

"On the Reverse is a view of the Railway Bridge over the Conway, with the Castle and Town in the distance, and the Railway Train in front. Above this design runs the following inscription:—

"Robert Stephenson, Esq., Engineer.

"Over all, in the centre, is the following inscription:—

"Railway Festival, Aug. 27th, 1836.

"On the Exergue is the following inscription:—

"The Ninety-third Conference of Wesleyan Methodists was held in Birmingham, from July 27, 1836. The Rev. Dr. Bunting, President; Rev. R. Newton, Secretary. The Rev. Dr. Fisk, Representative from America; the Rev. Messrs. Stuart and Waugh, from Ireland.

Great Walking.—A great walking match between Townsend and Smith, took place lately on Blackheath. The distance to be performed was 50 miles, for £.25 a side. The men started at a few minutes before 8 o'clock in the morning. The odds were in favor of Townsend, but Smith was freely backed, for being much the younger man, and of known bottom. They started the first 10 miles in rather more than 1 hour, and here it was seen that Smith must be beaten. Townsend completed the first half of the distance in 5 hours and 40 minutes, when he completed his 30th mile, he was three miles ahead, and continued to gain on his opponent until the end of the match, which he won with apparent ease, having completed the 50 miles in nine hours and twenty minutes.

A curious piece of antiquity has lately been discovered in the church-yard of Ashton-under-Lyne. In digging a vault for a young lady of the name of Warren, the sexton, when he had excavated the earth to the depth of about 6 feet, struck his spade against something of the form of a human coffin, which, upon examination, proved to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a stone coffin, in the form of a cistern, which was afterwards taken up as perfect condition; but the bones contained in it, being exposed to the air, soon crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin is an inscription, partly effaced by time, yet sufficiently legible to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who founded the Abbey of St. Albans, and died in the 8th century. The coffin is very curiously carved, and altogether a curious one of the kind. The church was built in the 7th century.

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1836.

To Correspondents.

"Twilight Hours," from our R. I. Correspondent, will appear in our next.

"M. C. D." will receive attention in possible.

We are happy to announce to the author of a well written communication on "Monopolies," that his subject is timely as to season, and that much of its harmony and point would be lost if now published.

The "Indian Hunters," though very voluminous, is not humorous.

"M. R. S." is tolerable—with the exception of very bad grammar, and numerous errors in spelling.

We acknowledge the favor of "Vincent."—"Sophia, C. H." writes, but requires revision. If a corrected copy is furnished, it shall appear.

Interesting Letter.

FORT WILLIAM, Dec. 9th, 1835.

(At the Mouth of the Yellow Stone River, about 2000 miles above St. Louis).

DEAR SISTER—You have often asked me for a description of the Indians that I have been amongst, and particularly my impressions at the first interview. I have been so much in their society, and sufficiently aware of the difference between first impressions, and those formed after we become familiar. You were right—*first impressions* are the only impressions that can be satisfactory to one who wishes to have a correct idea of Indian character.

After our arrival here, thirty ledges of the Assenboine Indians came to in the American Fur Company's Fort, to trade dressed Buffalo skins, and after finishing their trade they came to our encampment, and remained with us for a day after arrival being on the Sabbath. I had the better opportunity of observing the difference between the sexes and the Indians I had formerly been amongst, which resulted to the disadvantage of my new friends, as you will perceive.

We discovered them at about a mile distance, coming out of a little skirt of timber, and they stopped to paint themselves before appearing amongst the whites. After we had been with the Americans. They were in number about sixty; each one had a quantity of wedding-like tufts of hawk, or sending the shaft of death: and woe to the retreating foe they pursued. Some of the little red men have about their most sacred duties than these sinewy sons of the north, who esteem a horse fit only to pack fruit or the chase. It might say they appearance was ground—twas certainly unpeace. Imagine to yourself, sixty like warriors walking abreast, some with spears fantastically ornamented, with bow and quiver, the feathers of the war eagle, others carrying the war club, not less beautiful, fearful should I say? and all painted in the most fantastic manner. When they advanced so near as to be heard by us, they commenced a song expressive of their satisfaction at their arrival at the white man's encampment. They are believing to make the words suit the occasion, which one chaunts, and all the others join in chorus. When they got within two hundred yards of the fort they made a halt, and their song ceased; the chief then separated six paces in front of the rest in rank, and at mid distance immediately behind him stopped another line, of the same length of the first. They halt was the signal for me to approach them, which I did, and was met by another song, and went up to them; I gave my hand to the chief, which he grasped firmly, and exclaimed "*How!*" I may here observe an Indian has no *good-morrow* how do'e, or any of our customary salutations, but if you try you will find his how' relieves the heart of that pleasing sensation which is felt on the first greeting of friends. The condition of Madrid is said to be doubtful, and the armies are represented to be much infected with the spirit of insubordination.

I then passed on to the next, and received the same cordial greeting from each of the whole party, and then went to the rear, and commenced a song of welcome to my self and the gentlemen with me, which ended only when we stopped in front of the fort, when I was to proceed, in respect to rank was observed as in the march—the plebeians seated themselves in the outer ring, and the chiefs in the centre, in the form of a circle, I entered and took my seat between the two principal chiefs, who received me by my left. A glance at the motley group was sufficient to convince me of the variety of the manner, and they had a Buffalo skin (without the hair) to protect them from the cold, and their weapons of war and the chase generally lake their muskets, were plain—excepting a few who had rifles, which they esteem above all others, and the other black—recording some feats they had performed. Their dress consisted of a shirt and a few ornamented with hair, was what constituted their principal dress, with the exception of some had the face all red except the tip of the nose, others painted with vermilion leaving the face in the form of a mask, others were painted lead color, a few had their eyes painted white and the other part red, and others again were painted as black as a negro. These last having a length dressed in quilled work, and the rest were privileged to paint themselves, as no laborers, or to work in the garden, and no other person who had not sought glory in the paths of danger (the privilege extends to their wives and children, who are also painted in the manner of their husbands). Every one paints according to his taste, as you may say day or night, and the chief of the Assiniboins, (pardon the comparison) each consulting his own pleasure. I thought he had a wash of pieces of tobacco-mixed with vermilion, and each taken a few ambrosial kisses of the same sentence, I could not but smile them a speech, the substance of which was, that we came here to build a fort, and that the Assiniboins had requested we had in view was benefitting them (I had almost said myself) and that we were to have our sole object to better their condition—that we had a large quantity of merchandize in our boat, and hoped we would find them disposed to trade with us, and reciprocate our good feelings. I then presented the chief with a carrot of tobacco, 60 plugs tobacco, a dozen knes, and other articles, which I had to reward, as my speech in discourse ended in order to produce effect—I then told them I was glad to see them, and hoped our future conduct, and which I wished them to speak.

My plan succeeded, the chief sent forth a murmur of applause, which was responded by the gentlemen—he then said they were poor! He was grateful for the present, and for the words I had spoken, which were pleasing to his ear, and pass out of the other—No! they would carry my words under their left arm (meat the heart) and when they heard the balance of their tuition they would glad their hearts by a recital what I had said.—He then wound up by promises of lasting amity. The present was laid at the feet of the chief, and as yet untouched. He now consenced, assisted by his commissary, to distribute amongst his followers according to their station, but retained nothing for himself; and in this manner a chief gains popularity and influence, and if he distinguishes himself in war, and uses sufficient liberality amongst his adherents, there is no degree of eminence in the nation to which he may not aspire. Each having received his share of the feast, they went to their several encampments, and the council was over.

After their feeds, at a suggestive distance, there are the women of the tribe, between each family a space of a few rods. The principal chief took up his residence with one of the principal partners in the affections of the husband. The dogs of the village are in front of the tents, dresses taken from the last print issued by the Bogus Bonny. Around it all are the children, John Wesley, A. M., ast 1703, obt. 1791.—What will God worship?

On the reverse is the following inscription,—

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EDWARD CONRAD, ESQ.

By the death of this young gentleman in Texas, the literary world has lost one of its most enthusiastic and devoted lover of freedom. Mr. Conrad was known to many of his friends in this city, as one who carried with him a stronge thirsting and desire for personal independence and the natural rights of man. His rise was rapid, as frequently spoken and written well; and the choice of his profession, at once led him to be not a mere theorist, but a practitioner, in the cause of human liberty. The death of Conrad, at last, at Victoria, he fell a victim, not as he stood ready to do, in the lines of battle, but to the attacks of the assassin, during his sleep, on the river. It will be a satisfaction to his friends to know that his last moments were soothed and soothed by the best medical attention, and that the natural rights of man, for which he died, and the fatal shaft of the Destroyer; and as his enthusiasm and valor deserved, he was buried with the honors of war.

Mr. Conrad was a member of the Texas Convention, and drew up the address to the world. Declaration of Independence was drafted and published. This instrument is said to be known to have been the author. He was also a member of the Texas Congress, and it is said that he was himself who introduced into the Congress a bill granting large bounties of lands to volunteers from the United States, which bill was also regretted by the whole Texan army, than it is declared by the Texan Congress, to the Mexican Fences to his ashes!—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Distressing Accidents. A little girl, 7 years old, by the name of Frances Julia Anderson, residence at the corner of Fourth and Race, was caught her clothes on fire in attempting to toast some bread over the kitchen grate, which set fire to flames to the neighbors, crying for assistance, which she did not cease until the flames were fully burned that she died the next day at 12 o'clock. She was a poor child, whose parents had recently moved from Philadelphia.

Last Saturday, a little orphan girl, 9 years old, by the name of Catharine Kelly, was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire. The woman with whom she resided had left her alone in bed in the morning, and ordered the little thing to get up and dress herself. In attempting to do so, the child fell on the hearth, and was so severely burned before she returned. She was obliged to hang on the empty kettle, and then dip in the water to accommodate the sores to get up strength. While doing this her clothes caught fire, which she was unable to extinguish, and in the agonies of her death, and then dip in the water, which she was unable to extinguish, and in the agonies of her death, and then dip in the water, which she was unable to extinguish, and in the agonies of her death, and then dip in the water

Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28,

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's Philadelphia Prices Current and Commercial Intelligencer.

ASHES
Pots, 1st sort ..... $ 00 @ 0 00
Pearls ..... 0 00 @ 0 00

BUTTER
Orange ..... 00 @ 00
Jersey ..... 00 @ 00
Dairy tub, do. ..... 00 @ 00
Do. firkin ..... 00 @ 00

COAL
Lehigh ..... 00 @ 00
Schuylkill ..... 00 @ 00

COFFEE
Rio, ordinary ..... 00 @ 00
Do. fine ..... 00 @ 00
Do. prime ..... 00 @ 00
Java ..... 00 @ 00
Cuba ..... 00 @ 00

COTTON
Louisiana, fair ..... 00 @ 00
Do. ordinary ..... 00 @ 00
Alabama ..... 00 @ 00
Mississippi ..... 00 @ 00
Tennessee ..... 00 @ 00
Upland, fair ..... 00 @ 00
Do. ordinary ..... 00 @ 00

DRUGS
Alum ..... 00 @ 00
Bark, Peruvian ..... 00 @ 00
Camphor ..... 00 @ 00
Cochineal ..... 00 @ 00
Cream Tartar ..... 00 @ 00
Indigo, Caracca ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Manilla ..... 00 @ 00
Madder ..... 00 @ 00
Opium ..... 00 @ 00
Oil of Vitriol ..... 00 @ 00
Quicksilver ..... 00 @ 00
Saltpetre ..... 00 @ 00
Sal Soda ..... 00 @ 00
Senna ..... 00 @ 00
Shellac ..... 00 @ 00
Sulphur ..... 00 @ 00
Tobacco, Virginia ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Kentucky ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Manufactured ..... 00 @ 00

FEATHERS
Live Geese, prime ..... 00 @ 00
Do. common ..... 00 @ 00

FLOUR & MEAL
Superfine ..... 5 00 @ 5 00
Do. Penna. ..... 5 00 @ 5 00
Do. Ohio ..... 5 00 @ 5 00
Do. Baltimore ..... 5 00 @ 5 00
Do. Fancy ..... 00 @ 00
Corn Meal ..... 3 00 @ 00
Do. in bbls. ..... 3 00 @ 00
Rye Meal ..... 3 00 @ 00

GRAIN
Rye ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Corn, Penna. ..... 70 @ 72
Wheat, Penna. ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Do. Delaware ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Do. Maryland ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Do. Ohio, white ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Do. do. red ..... 1 10 @ 1 15
Do. U.C. white ..... 1 00 @ 1 05
Do. do. red ..... 1 00 @ 1 05
Oats ..... 45 @ 46
Barley ..... 00 @ 00
Beans ..... 00 @ 00

GROCERIES
Sugar, loaf, Refined ..... 00 @ 00
Do. No. 1 ..... 00 @ 00
Do. No. 2 ..... 00 @ 00
Do. No. 3 ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Brown, W.I.&S. ..... 10 @ 12
Do. Orleans ..... 00 @ 00
Sugar, hhd. No. 1 ..... 47 @ 50
Do. No. 2 ..... 44 @ 46
Do. No. 3 ..... 41 @ 43
Do. No. 4 ..... 37 @ 41
MOLASSES
Cuba, hhds. ..... 00 @ 00
Do. tierces ..... 00 @ 00
Do. bbls. ..... 00 @ 00
St. Croix, hhds. ..... 00 @ 00
Do. tierces ..... 00 @ 00
Do. bbls. ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Muscovado ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Clayed ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Havana ..... 00 @ 00
Do. New Orleans ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Porto Rico ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Refinery ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Scotch refined ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Trinidad ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Barbadoes ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Manilla ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Java ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sumatra ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Pepper ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cassia ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ginger, Race ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ground ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Mace ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Nutmegs ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Pimento ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cloves ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Saltpetre ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Starch ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Madder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Indigo ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Copperas ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Alum ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Brimstone ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cream Tartar ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Soda ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ginseng ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Opium ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Quicksilver ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Shellac ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Camphor ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Rhubarb ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Jalap ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Bark, Peruvian ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cochineal ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Logwood ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Fustic ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Nicaragua ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Brazil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Camwood ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sandal Wood ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Redwood ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ebony ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Lignumvitæ ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Tortoise Shell ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ivory ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Elephants' Teeth ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Rattans ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Canes ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Whalebone ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sperm Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Whale Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Linseed Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Castor Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Olive Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Lard Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Tanners' Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Neatsfoot Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Hemlock Oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Spirits Turpentine ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Varnish ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Rosin ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Tar ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Pitch ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Turpentine ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Shoemakers' Wax ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sealing Wax ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Wafers ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Paints, dry ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Do. ground in oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Lampblack ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Spanish Brown ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Venetian Red ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Chrome Yellow ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Chrome Green ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Prussian Blue ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Ultramarine ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Vermilion ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Red Lead ..... 00 @ 00
Do. White Lead, dry ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Do. ground in oil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Litharge ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gold Leaf ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gold Foil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Silver Leaf ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Silver Foil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Copper Leaf ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Copper Foil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Tin Foil ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Block Tin ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Pig Iron ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Bar Iron ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sheet Iron ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Hoop Iron ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Steel ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Nails ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Shot ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Lead ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Bullets ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Flints ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gunpowder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Rifle Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sporting Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Fine Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cannon Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Musket Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Blasting Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Fuze Powder ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cannon ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Musket ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Rifle ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Pistol ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Carbine ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Sword ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Cutlass ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Bayonet ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Carriage ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Mounting ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Implements ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Locks ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Barrels ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Stocks ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Screws ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Springs ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Triggers ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Sights ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Swivels ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Rammers ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Tompions ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Worms ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Ladles ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Sponges ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Cartridges ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Caps ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Flints ..... 00 @ 00
Do. Gun Powder

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all the flavor.—COWPER.

LINES ON HIMSELF.

BY TOM WITHERSPOON.

I am, perhaps as you will say,
A very queer creation;
For I am changing every day,
My name, my shape, my nation.

I am Tom King—and so am known,
But is it not preceding?
Whenever I to jest its prone,
They tell me I am *Jo.King*.

Though far I am as any fell,
With spirits for sinking—
If I, by chance, seem rather dull,
They swear that I am *Thom.King*.

In figure, I am short and squat,
Yet it with ladies will do,
I laugh and chuckle till that,"
They vow that I am *Tid-King*.

At night they do admit my claim,
When fled to rest is sticking;
They call me by my proper name,
And say that I am *Wynne-King*.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following is inscribed upon the tombstone of Samuel Thomas, of Gosport, England, who died in 1803, at the ripe age of 103 years:

Here lies the wife of neighbor Thomas
Whom death in mercy carried from us;
For, when alive, the poor old soul
Is ugly, toothless, such a scold,
That could about her a mule,
All things went in constant broil.
The horses her more in such a rage,
That even the chickens took weekly arms!
Thomas, through fear, forgot to scold,
And but one coat of his grew cold.
Her husband never dropped a tear,
Till he had placed her safely here;
And then he lulled like a babe,
For he she'd scratch her passage out.

A hypocrite is always a knave in his own eyes though he may appear an honest man in the eyes of others.

"Mother," said a little grammarian, "if Lord Wellington is a hero, was not Joan of Arc a *shero*?

A Simile.—A writer on swearing, says that an oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible, and he would as soon expect a bullet from a rose bud.

Retort Surgical.—At an examination of the college of surgeons, a candidate was asked by a learned professor, what he should do if a man were blown up by gunpowder? "Why, coolly answered the lynx, "wait till he came down again."

True, said Abernethy, "and suppose I kicked you for such an impertinence as that, what reason should I put in motion?" "Why, said the young man, 'the fixtures and extensors of my right arm, for I should floor you directly."

The following is a copy of the address of a letter received through the Post-office in Tuscaloosa:

Ho to the State where the Pig-tree fist bended,
In the County of Sweet-water, Alabama,
"Tuscoo, Good Lord," is the name of the town,
A place noted for sin wives, and where Andrew Jackson
Samuel Wilson's the man, who will pay for you
him,
"He's a tarnal stout feller," and would out-run a lamb.

A Mathematician's Idea of Honor.—A Graduate of Cambridge gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematician of his college, the late Mr. V——, learnt of the dispute, and sent for the young men. "Gentlemen, he must fight. "Why?" said the mathematician. "He gave me the lie." "Very well; let it prove it, if he proves it, you lie, and if he does not prove it, he lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him *prove it.*—*New Monthly Mag.*

Suiting the action to the word.—A colored gentleman well stiffened, stocked, and cuffed, strutted into a Fulton committee, and said to them with all the dignity of a Bashaw, until a couple of cents, he could not stop he blushed for—— He toted them with his polished boot and declared in the purest style of Billingsgate "that was the white wonder of clockens. "Palaw," said the great man of cheap bellies, "sir! I had to fob a clittering brass watch,—" I will give you four shillings for them, and only ten minutes to spare."

INGENIOUS.—The following lines have that singular property—if read downwards in two distinct columns, they express the faith of the Church of England; if read horizontally, two lines in one, they express the faith of a Roman Catholic. They are said to have been written many years ago by a gentleman who was travelling in Ireland, and who, when interrogated about his religious profession, produced these lines, and either read them perpendicularly or horizontally, according as the company consisted of Protestant or Roman Catholics.

The Church of Our God	The Church of Athens
The Church of Rome, I see,	Is the true Church or none
I ever man reserve	With Protestants adore
What Christian believe	Is orthodox and plain,
The Apostles never knew	Who Popes' tiara do rail
Yet fath'r hold by the Cross.	In no true faith at all.
Its sacraments are	By the cause of Christ
Mongst Pretenders do reign.	All villany and sin.
With Atheistical conduct	Have overrun the land
I'll never join in vain,	With England's Liturgy.

Origin of the Coroner's inquest.—A gentle woman in London, after burying six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was unclouded, a circumstance which served to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed; at length, the wife complained her by their sottishness and infidelity. In the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and, when he did return, to appear as if intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards meanness, were the consequence of this conduct. The gentleman persisted and seemed every day to become addicted to his bottle; one evening, when she imagined him dead drunk, she sent for a leading weight from one of the sheeres of her purse, and having muffled it in the apparel of her husband, who pretended still to be sound asleep, in order to put it into his cap through a rope; convinced of her wickedness the gentleman started up and seized her, when, having the procured assistance, he secured her till the morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who sent her to prison. The bodies of the husbands were dug up, and, as marks of violence were discovered on the skulls of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong when her trial, that she was condemned to execution. In the circumstance we are indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse can be interred without a legal inspection.

Sale of articles formerly belonging to Napoleon.—As we have not before seen a complete list of these articles, sold since the death of Harry O'Meara, we subjoin it:

"The articles formerly belonging to the Emperor Napoleon, came to the hammer, being reserved for the second day's sale of the effects of the late Baron Meara, Esq. A magnificent Turkish sabre, with a real Damascus blade and chased handle, worn by Napoleon in Egypt and presented by him to his brother Louis, by whom it was given to Mr. O'Meara, weakened down for 45 guineas. A richly chased silver gilt snuff box, with curiously engraved medallion lid. A massive gold watch, with Napoleon's cipher. A most exquisitely carved full length, ivory miniature of Napoleon, standing on a plinth, which represents a beautiful raised carving of his tomb at St. Helena. Also a gold knife, fork, and spoon, engraved with the imperial arms, with an interesting cornelian from King Joseph, Corderoy, as it to be presented by him to Mr. O'Meara, on account of his kindly towards Napoleon, to a moderate case, £14 14s. A silver gravy spoon, engraved with the imperial arms of France, used by Napoleon at St. Helena, 6 5s. A table-spoon also used by Napoleon at St. Helena, engraved with the imperial arms of France, 3 3s. Another table spoons were likewise put up to auction in separate lots, the average prices of which were from £2 to £3s. each. Half a dozen tea spoons also said to have been on actual use at St. Helena, were next put up in the same manner and lastly a set of about 36 each. A bronze model of the colossal statue of Peter Paul Rubens, in which he is represented by Princess Caroline to Mr. O'Meara, as executed by Princess of Napoleon's hand writing. It is a confidential communication from Napoleon to Prince Eugene, conveyed from St. Helena, by Mr. O'Meara, on the eve of his sister. It was translated as follows. "I beg of my relations and friends to annul Mr. O'Meara with respect to his personal interest; and believe all the states relative to my present position, and the sentiment I entertain. There was considerable competition for the lot, and it was ultimately knocked down for 61 15s. The next lot was a gold corrosion medal, representing Napoleon and Maria Louisa before the altar on one side, and profiles of them on the other. There were only twenty of these originally cast, and intended solely for the possession of Napoleon's family and the attendants of Napoleon, was purchased by Mr. Phillips, the auctioneer. A Pontifical book, consisting of an illuminated manuscript, on vellum, containing the office for the feast of Christ, presented to Mr. O'Meara by Cardinal Fesch, was purchased by Mr. Hellard. A small quantity of Napoleon's hair, it was preserved under a glass cover; its color was light auburn; it was curling, and had the appearance of being the lock of some very young person—and sold for 3 3s. A small miniature, which seemed not to be much decayed, sold for 2 guineas and a half, and the frame in which it was extracted for 3 guineas. There were many veteran French officers present, who seemed anxious to obtain the slightest relic of memory so much as when they saw many of the relics of the late Emperor, which they deemed valuable, and in their estimation sacrificed. *Globe.*

The Russian Prince Alexander.—The young Alexander, son of the emperor Nicholas, is an industrious boy, who reckoned a pretty strong head to know how to govern. The exercise of such petty tyrannies as boyhood is capable of. On one occasion he insulted one of his tutors, a military officer of rank, who reproved him pretty sharply for it. On which the prince said, "I know I am but a general, I am a child and a prince," and continued in an overbearing language, of which the general complained to the emperor, who summoned the lad to him, and, having sharply reproved him for his conduct, ordered him to his shoulders, and flung them to the ground, saying "Thou art no child now, but general, and no subject," and they were not restored till an appropriate apology had been tendered to the offended preceptor. Once, passing over one of the squares of St. Petersburg, he came in contact with an old officer, who unceremoniously and without any acquaintance with the prince's person, ordered him to get out of the way. The prince, not notwithstanding the apologies of the officer, ordered him to be put under arrest for six days. It came to the emperor's ear, who summoned the officer to the palace, but the officer was exceedingly frightened at the idea of receiving punishment, and had an excuse, for his prompt vigilance. The emperor complimented the youth to make an ample apology, to solicit forgiveness and to kiss the hand of the offended, and kept on bread and water seven days.

An Anecdote of war.—The following thrilling account of the battle of Kings Mountain, South Carolina, during the war of the American Revolution, was related by the Rev. Mr. Beckwith, in a discourse on the 4th of July, and delivered a few weeks ago:

"Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American Revolution, was Col. Isaac Hayne of South Carolina, a man who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightness, had attached to him the warm affections of all who knew him. He had a wife and six children. Of his wife, it can be truly said that she was a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a prodigy to her worth. Her husband not improved by the inconveniences and sufferings inflicted to a state of war, in which the whole of the country was involved, Col. Hayne was taken prisoner by the English forces, and at the moment time was condemned to die, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest sympathy for the fate of a great number of persons, both English and American, interested for the sacrifice of another. The American people petition in his behalf: his motherless children were on their bended knees as humble suitors for the life of their father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son was permitted to pay a visit to him in the prison, attended by the inconveniences and sufferings inflicted to a state of war, in which the whole of the country was involved.